

D^r WILD'S Humble Thanks

For His MAJESTIES Gracious DECLARATION for
Liberty of Conscience, March 15. 1672.

NO, not one word, can I of this Great Deed,
In Merlin, or Old Mother Shipton read !
Old *Tyburn* take those *Typhobrake* Imps,
As *Silger*, who would be accounted Pimps
To the Amorous Planets ; they the Minute know,
When *Jove* did Cuckold old *Amphytrio*,
Ken Mars, and made *Venus* wink and glances,
Their cloie Conjunctions, and mid-night Dances,
When coftive *Saturn* goes to stool, and vile
Thief *Mercury*, doth pick his Fob the while :
When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her man
Thrown out of Window ipto th' Ocean.
More tubble than the Excise-men here below,
What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know ;
Cunning Intelligencers, they will not miss
To tell us next year, the success of this ;
Th. y correspond with *Dutch* and *English* Sta-,
As one once did with *CHARLES* and *Oliver*.
The Bankers also might have, had they gone,
What Planet govern'd the Exchequer, known.
Old Lilly, though he did not love to make
Any words on't, saw the *English* take,
Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the Sign
Had been *Aquarium*, then they'd made them Nine.
When Sagittarius took his aim to shoot
At *Bishop Cosin*, he spied him no doubt :
And with such force the winged Arrow flew,
Instead of one Church Stagg he killed two ;
Glocester and *Durham* when he espy'd,
Let *Lean* and *Fat* go tog. ther he cry'd.
Well Wille Lilly, thou knew'st all this as well
As I, and yet wouldest not their Lordships tell.
I know thy Plea too, and must it allow,
PRELATES should know as much of Heaven as thou :
But now Friend *William*, since its done and past,
Pray thee, give us *phanaticks* but one *Cast*,
What thou foretaw'st of *Mar h* the fifteenth Last ;
When swift and sudden as the Angels flye,
Th' Declaration for Conscience-Liberty :
When things of Heaven burst from the Royal Breast,
More fragrant than the Spices of the East.
I know in next year's *Almanack* thou'l write,
Thou saw'st the King and Council over-night,
Before that morn all sit in Heaven as plain
To be discern'd as it 'twere *Charles's Wain*,
*G*reat *B*, great *L*, and two great *A*'s were chief
Under great *CHARLES* to give poor *Fan's* relief,
Thou lawest Lord *Arlington* ordain the man
To be the first Lay-Metropoliton.
Thou saw'st him give induction to a *Spittle*,
And constitute our Brother *TO M-DOE-LITTLE*.
In the *Bears Paw*, and the *Bulls* right *Eye*,
Some Detriment to Priests thou didst espy ;
And though by *Sol* in *Libra* thou didst know
VVhich wth the Scale of Policy wou'd go :
Yet *Mercury* in *Aries* did decree,
That *Wool* and *Lamb* should still *Conformists* be.
But hark, you *Will*, steer poaching is not fair ;
Had you amongst the Steets found this March. *Hare*,
Bred of that Julty *Puss* the Good Old Cause,
Religion rescued from Informing Laws :
You should have yelpt aloud, hanging's the end,
By *Huntmens Rule*, of *Hounds* that will not spend.
Be gone thou and thy canting Tribe, be gone,
Go tell thy destiny to followers none :
Kings *Hearts* and *Councils* are too deep for thee,
And for thy *Stars* and *Demons* scrutinie.
King *CHARLES* Return was much above thy skill
To tumble out, as 'twas against thy will.
From him who can the *Hearts* of *Kings* inspire,
Not from the *Planets*, came that *Sacred fire*
Of *Sovereign Love*, which broke into a *Flame* :
From *God* and from his King alone it came

To the K I N G.

SO great, so universal, and so free !
This was too much great *CHARLES*, except for Thee,
For any King to give a Subject hope :
To do thus like Thee, would undo the Pope.
Yea, though his Vassals should their wealth combine,
To buy Indulgence half so large as thine ;
No, if they should not only kiss his Toe,
But *Clement's* Podex, he'd not let them goe.
Whil'st Thou to's shame, Thy immortal glory,
Hast freed *All-Souls* from real Purgatory :
And given *All-Saints* in Heav'n new Joys, to see
Their Friends in *England* keep a Jubilee.
Suspect them not, Great Sir, nor think the worse :
For sudden joys, like grief, confound at first.
The splendor of your favour was so bright,
That yet it daz'nes and o'rewhelms our sight :
Drunk with her cups, my Muse did nothing mind :
And until now her feet she could not find.
Greedines makes profa'ness i' th' first place :
Hungry men fill their bellies, then say grace.
We wou'd make Bonfires, but that we do fear
The name of *Incend'ary* we may hear.
We wou'd have Musick too, but 'twill not doo,
For all the Fidlers are *Conformists* too.
Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman swears
(By the Kings leave) the Bells and Ropes are theirs.
And let 'em take 'em, for our tongues shall sing
Your Honour louder than their Clappers ring :
Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine,
We'l dress the Vineyard, they shall drink the Wine.
Their Church shall be the Mother, ours the Nurse.
Peter shall preach, *Judas* shall bear the purse.
No *Bishops*, *Parsons*, *Vicars*, *Curates*, we,
But only *Ministers* desire to be.
We'l preach in Sackcloth, they shall read in Silk.
We'l feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk.
Let but the *Black-birds* sing in bushes cold,
And my the *Jack-daws* still the Steeples hold.
We'l be the *Feet* the *Back* and *Hands*, and they
Shall be the *Belly*, and devour the *Prey*,
The *Tythe-pigg* shall be theirs; we'l turn the spit,
We'l bear the *Cross*, they only *sign* with it.
But if the Patriarchs shall envy show
To see their younger-Brother *Joseph* go
In Coat of divers colours, and shall fall
To rend it, 'cause it's not *Cannonical* :
Then may they find him turn a *Dreamer* too,
And live themselves to see his dream come true.
May rather they and we together joyn
In all what each can ; but they have the *Coyne* :
With *Prayers* and *Tears* such service much avail :
With *Tears* to swell your *Seas*, with *Prayers* your *Sails* ;
And with Men too, from both our parties ; such
I'm sure we have, can cheat, or beat, the *Dutch*.
A thousand *Quakers*, Sir, our side can spare ;
Nay, two or three, for they great *Breeders* are.
The Church can match us too with *Jovial* *Sirs*,
Informers, *Singing-men* and *Paratiers*.
Let the King try, set these upon the Decks
Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* vex.
Their Breath will mischief further then a Gun,
And if you loose them, you'l not be undone.
Pardon dread Sir, nay pardon this coarse Paper,
Your License 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

ITER BOREALE.